

# Good Morning 773

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

**HOWARD JOHNS**  
Says that plans are afoot to make our sea-side resorts all round the coast centres of the fishing industry and to train school-boys for this career with a big future.

## FISH WILL JOIN THE THREE R's

THERE is something about a fishing trawler that interests old and young alike. Many a young fellow who has been at sea for the past six years has learnt to be more than just "interested" in trawlers. Would like to follow an open-air life as a fisherman when the world returns to normal. That is, if fishing offers a steady income.

In the past many would-be fishermen have noted how the fishing industry seemed to have left the smaller ports for the most part and concentrated upon the "fishing areas" such as Grimsby. Many young men do not want to live in this area—so what?

The answer is that there may well be a big revival in the fishing industry around our coast during the next ten years, especially as many people have ideas about developing the canning industry in this country.

It is hardly remembered now that popular seaside resorts, such as Ramsgate and Broadstairs, were once thriving fishing ports. Charles Dickens wrote of Broadstairs as one of the neatest fishing ports in the country, while Ramsgate was one of the centres of the deep-sea trawling industry until the last war. Most of her great fleet was sunk while on active service, and between the two wars she never had a chance to recover.

But Ramsgate, like many other ports, will, I feel certain, with the increased demand for fish, brought about by a world shortage of butcher's meat, again be on the map as a fishing port. It has an ideal harbour and a fish market.

Several young Royal Navy men, stationed at the Kent base, have told me that they plan to go in for fishing, using Ramsgate as a base. Good luck to them—but they will

find it takes money, and training, before you can become a successful trawlerman.

All over Britain to-day numerous Sea Fisheries Committees, composed of representatives of local authorities and fishing interests, are planning schemes to train boys and young men who look to the sea for a career.

Especially does this apply to inshoremen—fishermen—those who catch sole, plaice, lobsters and crabs—for the deep-sea fishermen have their junior and senior technical schools in the big ports. Here youths and men with ambitions to become skippers and officers aboard trawlers take courses.

Discussing this scheme for local inshoremen fishermen a short time ago, Mr. Percy Idle, chairman of the Sussex Sea Fisheries, said: "Sussex education authorities have expressed their willingness to help start courses in this part of England. We hope, after the war, boys will be able to start their training as fishermen in the elementary schools at seaside towns, and that there will be special classes in technical schools on the coast where fishermen can take refresher courses."

"We hope to provide instruction in navigation, tides, seamanship and signalling, gear and fitting, rope work and principles of fishing, fish life, and handling and preserving fish."

Which is very encouraging for those who look to the sea as a means of earning a living.

In peace-time Britain had about 1,800 trawlers putting to sea every week. They employed aboard some 40,000 men, who each year brought back to these islands fish estimated to be worth £15,000,000.

To-day, after six years of enforced rest, the trawlers of Britain are once again operating in the 20,000 square

miles of the North Sea, with cod and plaice yielding excellent returns.

It was revealed that the first four trawlers to visit the famed Dogger Bank made 50 per cent. bigger catches in 30 per cent. less time than in 1939.

The "rest," resulting from war, has obviously done the fishing grounds a great deal of good, which in turn will surely benefit the trawlermen.

What are the returns offered to the skipper of a trawler? This is often a sore point with those in the fishing business, who can point to scarred hands, weatherbeaten faces, and long hours in the wildest seas.

I should say, at the moment, that a good average for a skipper, away for twelve days, would be £38, although, as in other callings, there are exceptions.

The stories of men making £10,000 a year, however, can be taken with the customary pinch of salt.

Still, if you are prepared to study, work long hours, and are not afraid to "rough it," there is no reason why you should not do well and prosper in the fishing industry.

I reckon, again on an aver-



## Cook Arthur Hazelgrove—It's Question Time at First Avenue

THERE was a great deal of excitement at 76, First Avenue, Lancing, Sussex, when we called there, Cook Arthur Hazelgrove, and it wasn't because of our visit, either.

All the folk were home, and were busily engaged in eliminating a swarm of flying ants that had chosen the garden path as a suitable landing strip.

You will notice the various means employed to exterminate the pests by your mother and sisters and the eagerness with which your nephew Peter and his friends Michael and Maureen tackled the problem.

Mrs. Reynolds had gone to London for the day to see about sailing tickets for a proposed holiday to Ireland and, consequently, Michael and his sister found a temporary berth at Number 76.

We were lucky to find your mother and sisters at home because they are still working—with the exception of Queenie, who stays home to guard the fort—but we happened to choose a Wednesday afternoon, so all was well.

Young Peter is very well again now, and we can assure you that his "Question Time," which is apparently a permanent session, is as formidable as ever.

He told us that you have been away so long, he is beginning to feel he hasn't got an Uncle Arthur any more, but as long as he has questions to ask and books to be read to him he will remember that you are the one who performs these duties best.

For this purpose the armchair in the dining room is quite ready to receive you, Arthur,

although when you hear that Peter wants you to play cricket, that Michael wants you to teach him to swim and that Maureen, in true feminine fashion, wants to parade her new red frock for you, it seems unlikely that you will get down to that armchair so soon.

Keeping to his habit of exercising his enquiring mind, Peter is going on holiday to the Kent hopfields to find out just where this stuff he hears so much about comes from.

The rest of the family, however, especially the two Winnies, are content to take it at its face value with no enquiries made. They are looking forward to accompanying you to "Farmer's Hotel" to watch you play darts, and although they do admire your skill, of course, they like better to toast your success with the pints you win.

On the return journey from the "Corner House" or "Farmer's Hotel," you will be quite able to find your way because your mother told us that the lights are now back again at Lancing. That lamp-post on the corner is still there, too, and Mum said it is awaiting you and Paddie and the long talks you used to have together.

Johnny Richardson is another of your pals who has returned home, and your mother said he is looking very fit. He hopes to be stationed in England now and looks forward to seeing you some time soon.

The Luxor and the Regal are still very much in commission, and everyone at No. 76, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds from next door, and even Judy, the Scottie, hope you will be enjoying Lancing again soon, sending you the best of wishes in the meantime.



## Calling A.B. Ellingham

"MOTHER says 'Yes.'" This is the grand message Miss Alice Keath sends from 37 Greenford Road, Pottery Bank Estate, St. Anthony's, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to A.B. Laurie Ellingham.

Curling up in a chair at home after finishing her day's work at Parsons' nursing "Darkie," newly adopted lucky black cat, Alice shyly told the "Good Morning" reporter and cameraman that Mrs. Keath has now given

her consent to an official engagement.

"Mother said I was too young when Laurie and I first wanted to become engaged, but she knows now that we are made for each other. And the next leave he gets we are to be officially engaged."

So here's a new order for you, Laurie! Alice wants an engagement ring, five-stone, and you have to bring it with you and slip it on her finger, third left hand, in case you're not sure of the correct order, just as soon as you can make Tyneside!!

## USELESS EUSTACE



"I'm chancin' nuthin'! I've rocked with laughter at 'is jokes before!'"

age, that skippers can pick up about £1,400 a year, although—and it's important to stress this fact—the fluctuation of the markets and weather conditions play a most important part.

Fishermen earn every penny they receive, for no one can dispute the fact that their calling, even in peace-time, calls for constant fights against the elements, and possible death.

The developments that have taken place in trawlers since the war—super-models cost up to £30,000 in 1938—plus the numerous scientific aids to the fishing industry, should assure it of a good future in Britain.

One has only to spend a few days among trawlermen to appreciate that they have brains—and know how to use them!



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood..."

The address, Sailor, is: c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.I.

## Stop Press: U.S. Civil War Ends

I DARESAY you thought the whole of North America (except, of course, Canada) was in the United States. So did I until the other day—and so, I'll bet, did most Americans. No, sir! When the South gave in at the end of the Civil War, back in the 'sixties, Dade County—part of Georgia State—refused to acknowledge the victory of the North, and remained outside the United States.

Nobody seems to have

cared much, and to all intents and purposes Dade had to fall into line with the rest of the country. But in Dade they still reckoned they were in rebellion against the victorious North.

They had one supporter—in the North, itself. Not only that, but in the very State of New York.

When the Yankees declared war with the Southerners, Townline's 125 voters passed a resolution condemning the North's action, refused to

fight, and, in fact, left the Union.

A short time ago, Dade County decided to give up the unequal struggle and join the rest of the United States. This put Townline in an awkward position.

Its citizens didn't want to carry the rebellion entirely on their own shoulders, so they decided to line up, too.

"If Georgia feels the war's over," they said, "so do we." So now the U.S.A. has one war finally off its hands.

D. N. K. B.



# The Padre who was a Gum Spy

GREGORIO let loose a great kept calling to the peons. "Find balatas the marks of the gum-When he saw Old Bludsoe he would not have lived until to-night." roar of anger, and started the one who has done this, and he seekers were still plain; circular grinned.

The troughs were situated just troughs of molasses?" behind the store, and when the crowd of peons and forest men had no enemies, and that the clay supplies that they killed the trees to reached the spot they sent up a wail which covered the molasses must drain them quickly, without a thought of the terrible havoc they were of despair.

The covers on the top were heat. But Jose was not content with this. He ran to and fro, examining the spoiled the molasses. But what made the destruction utterly im-possible of repair was the number- and trying to think of a way to less insects which were eating up save his molasses, which he knew the sweet syrup.

Long lines of ants, red, black, brown ants, were marching from the forest up the sides of the troughs. The place was swarming with them.

Old Bludsoe stood watching the expressions of despair which were on the faces of the peons and the hunters, and he became sad for their sakes. Jose Gregorio was like a man possessed.

The loss of his molasses represented much to him. It was the difference between profit and loss. The loss meant that he was almost a ruined man.

"Someone has done this!" he

here? Who has broken into my been tapped for the gum. This was the way of the gum-seekers, who were so eager to gain supplies that they killed the trees to reach the spot they sent up a wail which covered the molasses must drain them quickly, without a thought of the terrible havoc they were of despair.

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## Part 2 of Plain and Unvarnished

In a few days they undid the slow growth of centuries, and it was because of this destructive greed that the balata was becoming scarce and more valuable than ever.

Bludsoe felt all the true woodsman's affection for the fallen trees. He patted their stems as a horse-man pats his favourite horse, passing from one prone giant to the next with a sigh.

He continued his way for several hours, until he broke out at the edge of a deep ravine. Far below him the river wound its roaring way eastward. Long stretches of plain and forest spread to the horizon, and to the right, on the skyline, a dark patch deepened into the green of the slopes. That dark patch meant balata.

For a long while Bludsoe stood looking, then he turned and re-traced his trail to the camp. It time last night. That was not what he was evening when he came within a sight of the lighted fires of the clearing, but he did not go to his hut.

He made a circular route round the camp and reached the square house which had been erected for the new padre. He knocked on the door with the handle of his machete.

The door was opened, and the Reverend Samuel Jerks peered out.

"Padre," he said at last, "let us bargain."

"I am willing, Balata Bludsoe," "Why do you wish for the deaths of the forest men, the hunters of Jose Gregorio's camp?"

The padre started, then kicked a burning log into the fire.

"Who told you I wished for their deaths, Balata?"

"It is easy to see. You forbid rum. You know that rum must be carried by hunters and trappers. Men who search for balata gum need it for snake-bite and fevers. There can be no real fiesta without rum. Unless men have it they cannot find protection from the sky, a dark patch deepened into the green of the slopes. That dark patch meant balata.

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"Why?"

"Because I would have fulfilled the law of the Caura forests."

"What is the law of the Caura forests, Balata?"

"When a thief, or a robber, or one who damages a hunter's goods is found, the one who finds him buries his machete up to the head in the doorpost of that mean man, and he is brought forth and sent on his last journey down the Caura."

"He is put into a leaky canoe, bound hand and foot, without provisions or paddle, and sent adrift. The rapids do the rest. You see, that is why I have my machete with me. I have had a great struggle to-day."

The padre sat very stiff and still. Old Bludsoe was gazing into the fire, the weapon balanced in his palm.

"Only the fact that you say you are a padre saved you," he went on. "I did not tell the others, for I wanted to show you that even if we need rum we can control ourselves. So, instead of sinking my machete in your doorpost, I came to bargain. I have been in the woods, thinking it out."

"What have you thought out?" demanded the padre.

"This thing, that if you cease your opposition about the rum, I shall show you the balatas you covet. I am the only man who knows where balatas are still to be found. I have kept the secret a long time, for I intended to tap these balatas for the good of the camp."

The padre bent a keen, searching gaze on the hunter.

"You are brave to accuse me of breaking Gregorio's trough-covers, Bludsoe. Do you know that I could bring disaster to this camp? I could curse you all so that the peons would flee down the river."

"How do you know I am a gum spy?"

For answer the hunter strode across the room, and with a swift movement of his hand flung aside the long cloak which the other was wearing.

"On your belt is a hook to which you hang the knife used by

"That is true, because the peons believe in you. They do not yet realise that you desire them to die in the forest."

"How do I desire them to die in the forest?"

"By denying rum to this camp, padre. Rum for snake-bite and fever, you know. In one season the camp would be so weakened that you could then go down the river and bring up your employers, or your friends, and they would take the balatas."

"What is that?" cried the padre.

But Balata Bludsoe merely smiled. "You are, no padre," he said contemptuously. "You are a gum spy."

The man to whom the words were addressed sprang to his feet with a roar; but Bludsoe also was up, and his back was against the door, his machete firmly held in his fist. There was a sparkle in his eye, but about his lips a smile played.

"You are a gum spy," he repeated. "But this trick is a new one—to come as a padre. Yet I tell you that if you attack me I shall split your skull, and you will gain nothing. I came to bargain."

The padre sank back into his chair, gazing ferociously at the hunter. The latter came back to his stool.

"It is for the sake of the others I came," he said. "They are simple, and you have read the Burial Service over the dead. If you were found out the dead would suffer, and the next padre who came—even our own priest—would be killed. In coming as you have, you have disturbed the belief of these men. I came to bargain for their sakes."

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## QUIZ for today

1. In what card game is the term "His Heels" used?
2. A cube has 6 sides and 8 corners; what figure has 8 sides and 6 corners?
3. Of what country is Caracas the capital?
4. What were the two famous Englishmen named Blake, and about when did they live?

5. With what sport is the Westchester Cup associated?
6. In what countries are the Parliaments called (a) the Storting, (b) the Rigsdag, (c) the Althing?

## Answers to Quiz in No. 772

1. Bezique.
2. Brazil.
3. Paraguay.
4. U.S.A. and U.S.S.R.
5. Louis XIV, of France (1643—1715).
6. Death of Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield), 1881.

## The "Friendly" Cub

IT was the cottage-wives who first brought it to the "public's" notice.

They had been gathering blackberries along the roadside hedge, when they noticed the cub playing in the stubble quite unconcerned about their presence. It certainly was an unusual kind of a fox.

It showed quite a friendly interest in human beings and watched their movements without a trace of fear.

The keeper was surprised to see the cub following and taking quite an intelligent interest in his proceedings. After that the friendly cub became the main topic amongst the company at "The Plough."

They hoped it would escape the fate of its kind and that it would become an acquisition to the village as a reformed character.

Jim Ogle's sow farrowed on Thursday night in the sty down at the bottom of his garden. The sow had produced eleven strong healthy followers, and all went well until Saturday morning, when Jimmy could count only ten little piglets.

On Sunday morning Jesse took a stroll round until dinner should be ready. He decided to walk the disused "quarry-way," not having been in that direction of late. . . .

The cub leaped nimbly from a ledge in the rock face as he walked down the briar-grown cart track, paused a moment on the quarry top and then trotted unconcernedly across the turnip field.

Jesse found its lair, a place where the soil had recently been disturbed, and—scraping it aside with his boot—disclosed a neatly arranged collection of mice, one rat, one cock's-head (its owner had lately been reported missing from a neighbour's roost), and the hindquarters of a partly consumed sucking pig.

He returned steadily homeward, and encountering Jimmy near "The Plough," confided to him the information.

Last Saturday night the discussion in "The Plough" was "general"—that is, it began by someone remarking how he "heard a gun go off late one night!"

"Aye, ten o'clock time—maybe quarter-past!" remarked someone else.

And after that it was agreed that "someone was about!"—and everyone looked towards the unmoved Jimmy.

"How's the sow and litter, Jim, lad?" asked the keeper.

"Goin' fine!" said Jimmy, "and I ain't lost any more o' the little uns, and don't think I shall do any more, thank yer, Henry!"

The friendly cub has disappeared.

F. K.

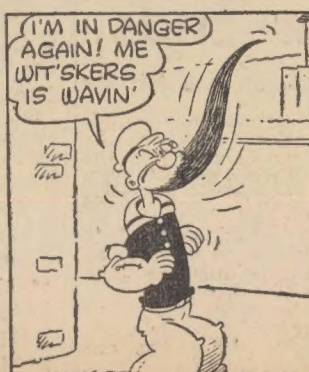
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





# Wangling Words

1. Behead shipshape and get an edge.
2. Insert the same letter 6 times and make sense of: That-anadeodelaath.
3. What word of six letters, meaning to "ask," can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The honey-bee is one of the — kinds of —.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 710

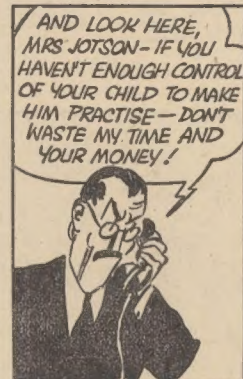
1. G-RATE.
2. Seven species of horses exist.
3. 16; namely 5, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 19, 20, 25, 29, 50, 55, 59, 90, 95, 99.
4. Hounds. unshod.

## JANE



NEXT STORY:- JANE GOES HOME HUNTING!

## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# The Padre who was a gum spy

(Continued from Page 2)

"Yes. There is nothing I need night, Jose, on an important matter. Tell me, is your alambique third day, but I shall not wait for safe?"

"You have been through my it." The old hunter shrugged his shoulders. "I have. I saw the hook as shoulders. You stepped ashore from the canoe. So I searched for the knffe and he said. "I shall bring them here at this time two days hence."

He opened the door and went out silently, with his face turned towards the padre all the time; then back to his hut he hurried, and hastily made up his pack.

The camp was quiet when he slipped out and crossed the clearing. At the door of the store belonging to Jose Gregorio he saw the owner leaning against the sidepost.

Down the post were long lines of chalk-marks, rows of figures. "Hollo, Balata," said Jose, "are you off to the woods?" "I am journeying through the

Balata Bludsoe walked on into the gloom.

The old hunter's thoughts were troubled. He knew that this spy whom he had discovered had determined to drain the camp of rum. There was only one reason for that action.

It was to make sure that there would be no rum to treat snake-bite or fever, so that the hunters and forest men would forsake the place, and then he could come in and claim the site.

Nevertheless, Bludsoe had obtained a promise, and if only he could get rid of him he would tell the truth to Jose later, and they could make their plans to keep the spy and his men off the land.

(To be continued).

"Another new dress! Who's going to pay for it?"

"That's up to you. I didn't get married to do your worrying for you."



Pawnbroker: "I can't give more than a pound on your fiddle."

Musician: "What! Only a pound? Why, the neighbours have offered me two to stop playing."

## Kathryn Grayson

SINGING in the rain and singing in the sunshine is the way diminutive Kathryn Grayson travels through life.

She just can't stop singing, and thousands wouldn't want her to.

Some day she wants to star at the Metropolitan Opera House, but meanwhile she is quite happy making pictures for M.-G.-M. Her latest one is "Anchors Aweigh," in which she stars with Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly.

Kathryn's real name is Zelma Hedrick, and she hails from North Carolina, but most of her childhood was spent at St. Louis.

She got her chance to sing for films when she was discovered singing on Eddie Cantor's Radio programme.

Among Kathryn's pet likes are housekeeping (including washing down walls and windows), walking—though she dislikes formal exercising—and designing her own clothes.

She is reported never to fuss about her appearance, but then, if she is anything like the way we see her, she doesn't need to.

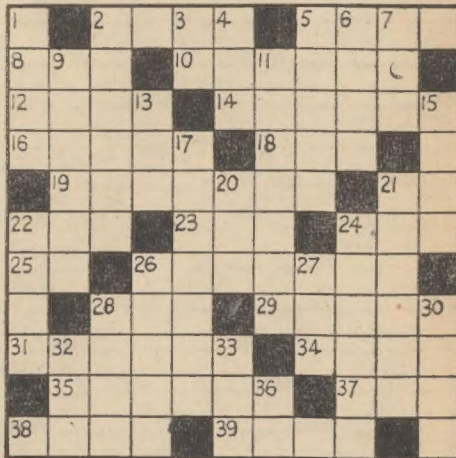
Her winsome features, hazel eyes and rich brown hair, together with her very pleasing manner have achieved for her acclamation of a different kind than is usually accorded to movie stars.

Her favourite expression is one of resignation—"Well, that's life . . ."

## Cathryn Rose

## CROSS-WORD CORNER

SPECIAL LOB  
WEAR SUPINE  
ARSON GEM R  
I LEWER NICK  
NIL PIRATES  
T CAVIL D  
REGALES SET  
OMIT REST R  
A LEG NOOSE  
CHERUB FLUE  
HIS MARTENS



CLUES ACROSS.—2 Diver-sion. 5 Talk carelessly. 8 Girl's name. 10 Reproduce. 12 Dress material. 14 Profuse. 16 Fish. 18 Colour. 19 Reasonable. 21 Short hour. 22 Bird. 23 Delved. 24 Preserve. 25 Pronoun. 26 Shifting. 28 Neuralgia. 29 Admirable. 31 Striped cloth. 34 Deal. 35 Compel. 37 Weight. 38 Short county. 39 Electrical units.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Headland. 2 Measure. 3 Male title. 4 Fish. 5 Slope. 6 Deposited. 7 War girls. 9 Colour. 11 Model of excellence. 13 Cask. 15 Hurt. 17 Motor-cycle addition. 20 With. 21 Shout to dogs. 22 Suggestion. 24 Bodice frills. 26 Observances. 27 Promise. 28 Walked. 30 Girl's name. 32 Card. 33 Corporal. 36 Word of inquiry.



# Good Morning



## THIS BEARS LOOKING AT.

Without a doubt that's the worst pun ever perpetrated on this page. (We're sorry: The Editor). The brown bear is one of the original inhabitants of the Glacier National Park in America—and he rather resents the coach-load of trippers.



## CABARET TURN MIDST BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

Why anyone in their senses should want to put on white tie and tails and hurl his partner about in the middle of a meadow—completely escapes us. But we will say that the sun's rays glinting on the torso of said partner gives us ideas that are not exactly truly rural.



## SCHOOL GIRL.

Why anyone with a gleam in her eye as wicked as Mary Best's should need to go to a "School for Brides" is a nut to crack. Anyway, we think it's a safe bet to say that Mary will come out top of the class!



## THE OLD LILY-WHITE FIRM?

When a Canadian destroyer put into port, the lads gave the local farmer a hand with his sheep-dipping. It happened at a farm at Hexham, Northumberland. Many of the sailors were old hands at farmwork—having lived down on the farm back home across the Atlantic.



## SAILOR BEWARE OF THE CLIP-JOINT.

A clip-joint—in case you're in any doubt about the matter—is *not* a barber's shop. It's a joint, or a dive, where the lassies are expert in getting poor sailor men to spend their hard-earned cash on alcoholic refreshment—as if a sailor ever needed any persuasion!